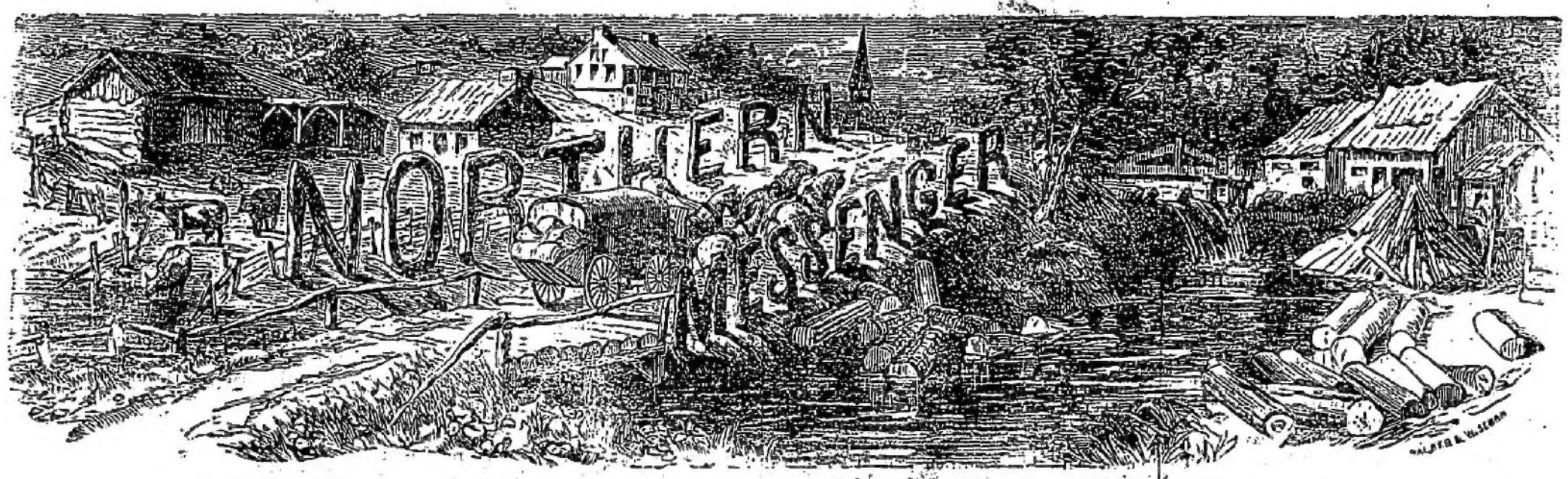

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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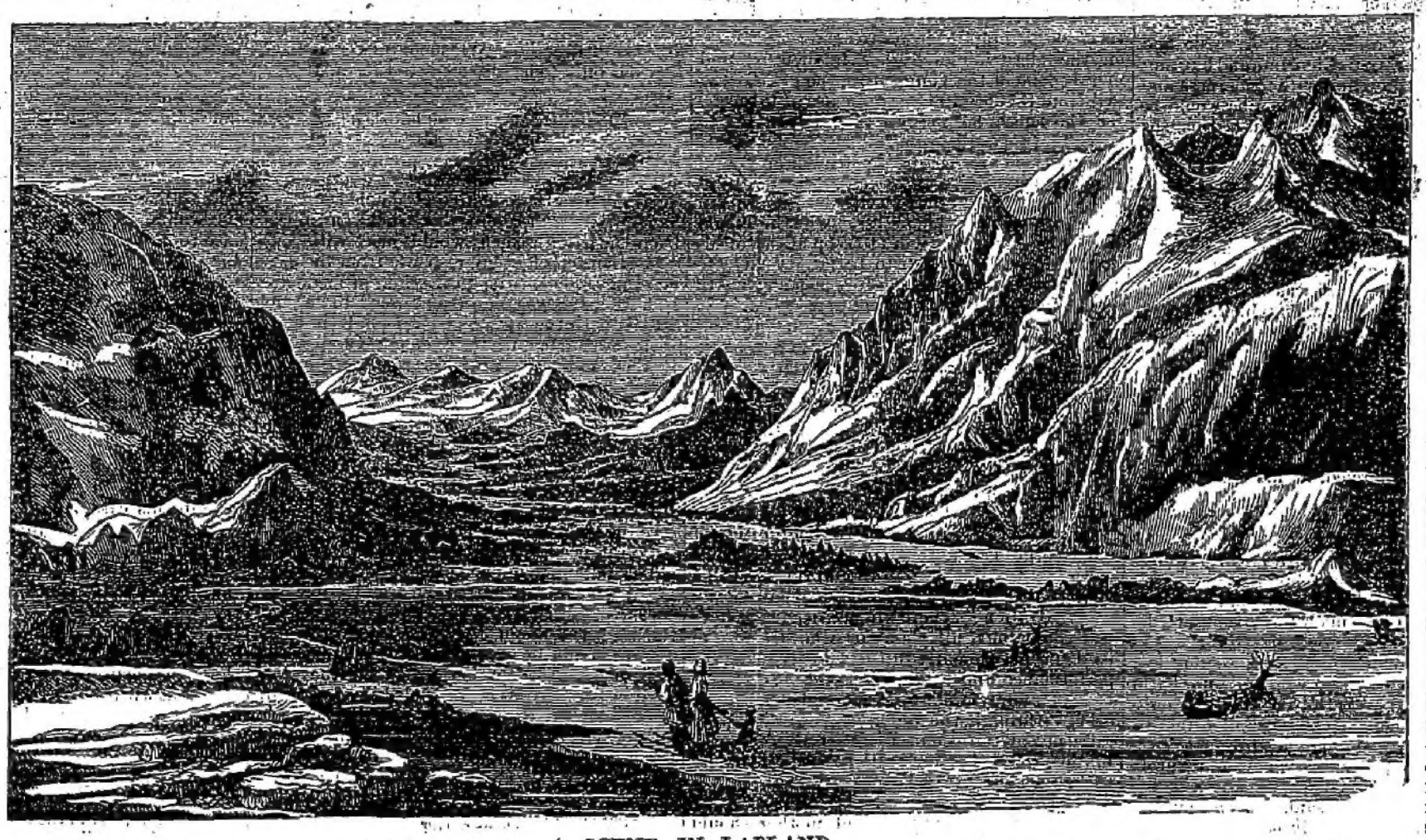
NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

LAPLAND AND THE LAPPS.

The land inhabited by the Lapps comprises the northernmost portion of the Scandinavian Peninsula and the European continent. This territory, although still known by the name of Lapland, does not constitute a political autonomy, but is included under the dominions of Norway, Sweden and Russia. Lapland comprises an area of nearly 90,000 square miles Out of the 150,000 inhabitants of this immense territory, not over 20,000 are Lapps. The climate of the Lappish territory is extremely cold for nine months of the year, while the excessive heat during the months of July and August, where in the northermost parts the sun never sets for many weeks, is only separated from the cold season by a short spring and autumn of a couple of weeks. A considerable part of the surface of the country is covered with forests of birch, pine, and fir trees, having an undergrowth of lichens and mosses supplying abundant food for the herds of reindeer which constitute the principle sources of wealth to the inhabitants. The rest of the surface is generally rocky, and displays little vegetation beyond a few stunted bushes and perennial moss.



A SCENE IN LAPLAND.

The Lapps or Laplanders are a physically ill-developed and diminutive race, with small eyes, low forehead, high cheek-bones, pointed chin and scanty beard, the hair of which is black and straight, presenting a great contrast to the tall and blonde Norwegians and Swedes. They are agile, but quickly exhausted by labor, rather from bodily weakness than lazyiness. They show great skill as marksmen, and regularly supply the large annual markets of Vitangi and Kengis with game and skins. They dress in furs, with trowsers and shoes of reindeer skin, and protect the head by means of a sort of cowl. Their dwellings consist either of conically shaped mud huts raised on stakes, and almost impervious to light and air, or else of hide-covered tents, in the middle of which there is a hole which serves as a flue for the fire-place underneath.

The inhabitants are not wanting in mental capacity. In the seminary for Lapp teachers at Tron-dennaes, several of the students have distinguished themselves for their extensive acquirements. The Lapps have been converted into Christianity, and belong either to the Lutheran or Greek Churches. The Bible has been translated into their own languages, which is divided like that of all nomadic tribes into numerous dialects, whose many affinities and differences have of late years attracted much attention from Northern and German philologists. As heathens they worshiped five orders of divinities, super-celestial, celestial, atmospheric, manes, and demons. Radien Athzie, the highest god, created everything. He was assisted by Ruona Neid, the fruitful virgin, while his son Padien Kieddo kept the world in order.

The reindeer forms the principle source of wealth to the Laplanders, some families owning herds of as many as two thousand and upwards. These feed chiefly in the mountainous tracts in summer, and in the lower grounds in winter. The reindeer is most useful as a beast of draught, for which purpose it is harnessed to sledges, and is capable of easily drawing a weight of almost two hundred pounds besides the sledge, and of maintaining a steady speed of nine or ten miles an hour.

FAMILY CHURCHES.

The subject often discussed, how to draw the masses to our houses of worship, is one of momentous importance. But there is another equally momentous, yet seldom considered: how shall we establish congregations of families, who will make the house of worship a home, and attend its services regularly?

In solving the question how to reach the masses, we do not solve the question how to build a stable congregation of families. The two enterprises need not always be distinct, yet, in practice, they often are so. The church that is crowded to discomfort by persons who are drawn by the eloquence of the preacher, and who have no desire to attach themselves permanently to the congregation, is frequently deserted by its most influential families; and the very success of the minister leads him into the danger of failure. The family wants its own pew, and while it is glad to extend a hospitable welcome to strangers, or even on extraordinary occasions to be unseated, it does not like to be crowded or displaced or scattered habitually; and when the multitudes begin to throng its house of worship may be inclined to seek another. On the other hand, those who make it a business to hurry to the latest novelty do not want to engage sittings anywhere, or to become identified with any particular people, nor do they like the quiet and reverence of the family church.

If now we bear in mind the distinction that may sometimes exist between the work of reaching the masses and that of building a congregation of steady-going families, we shall be assisted to escape from several perplexities.

We dislike thin congregations as much as anyone. Yet we need to define a little before applying our dislike to any particular case. A house of worship devoted to the use of a family church is seldom full. In one sense we may say that it is better with its roominess than it would be were it filled with hearers, since it is more attractive to families than it would be were it crowded. The empty space is no more lost than is the empty space of our week-day houses. The house that is thronged does not always contribute most to the Divine glory, or best repay its cost. Even the empty vastness of cathedrals is not without its use; if the people do not go to the cathedral, the cathedral goes to them; it fills the mind of the poet and the artist with religious meditations, and preaches through their works to the world. And if our families are pleased with the roomy house, and are drawn to it, let us not say that it fulfils no lofty mission. The very absence of those who have no domestic life, no steady habits of attendance at church, and no fondness for quite devotions, may be a blessing. We would do as much as any one to reach them; but if they cannot be reached through the family church, we will not condemn it as a useless thing on that account; nor will we accuse it of special sin in failing to reach them.

The subject of reaching the masses has been presented to the Christian world often, and hence, perhaps, many deem that of the family church of comparatively little moment. We would not underrate the importance of reaching the masses. But in our view, the enterprise of reaching settled families, of attaching them to the Sabbath service, and of bringing them into our congregations, is fully as important. The minister who engages in this work may not be much on the lips of men; his name may not be often in the daily papers; his sphere may be more humble than that of his more popular brother; but if he is faithful, his crown will be as bright as any which the Master hast to confer.—*Watchman.*

"ATLAS," the gossip-writer in *Truth*, has the following paragraph on the increasing disuse of intoxicating drinks:—"Nothing is more surprising than the number of persons who in the last year or two have given up spirituous liquors. It used to be rare to meet a water drinker, but now it seems to be becoming somewhat the fashion only to drink water at dinner-parties, whilst for incidental drinking the soda-and-lemon runs the soda-and-brandy very close. There are, no doubt, a great many people who really do like wine and brandy, but unquestionably there are many who used to drink these liquors because they imagined that they gave evidence of a vulgar taste in eschewing them."—*Alliance News.*

Temperance Department.

TEMPTATION.

"Little by little," the tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young, unwary feet.
"Little by little and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul away
Until the ruin is complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright
Up to the regions of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, day by day."

IN THE WAY OF A THRONE.

BY MRS. JULIA F. BALLARD.

"I can have no peace. It is not a word for me," said John Morgan, with an angry stamp of his foot, in reply to his wife, when, coming home in a surly, defiant mood, she had said, looking at the sleeping face of little Elsie taking her afternoon nap, "Do not disturb the peace of the house, John." The word "peace" made him angry.

"You can have it, I suppose, you and Elsie, when I'm out of sight, reading and sewing and sleeping away your time, and blaming me for disturbing it when I come to my own home, tired of life and tormented with debt, and the slight and scorn of men who once honored me. I say, don't talk of peace!"

Mary Morgan might easily have retorted in the same spirit, but she was wise enough to keep silent. A few days after, her husband, from a three days' carousal, was left weak and helpless in bed with partial delirium and burning fever. She waited on him with tenderness and watched eagerly for the time when he would be himself again. On the wall by his bedside she had hung a framed cross, with the motto, "Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ." Many a time he had looked at it without a thought of its meaning as it hung in the chamber above, but now, when on coming to himself his weary eyes rested on the words, they came with a new meaning. He called Elsie and bade her place it on his bed. She was almost frightened with the eager manner in which, weak as he was, he seized it, gazed at the words, and then *lay back and closed his eyes with a deep* sigh.

"What is the matter, father?"

"Peace, child, peace!" was his reply.

Elsie ran out of the room and called her mother.

"Peace!" he exclaimed, as his wife entered the room.

"Do you want it in the only way?" she asked in a low, earnest voice.

"Yes; and if it is a free gift, I will have it."

A thrill of joy went through his wife's heart. She knew well her husband's strength of resolution. If he "made up his mind" he was sure, she had often said. Never before had he "made up his mind" on the subject of wine. He could drink that, and no harm come. He had now resolved that the only way for him was to renounce all drink, in every shape, and with that resolution to seek forgiveness and peace, which would surely follow.

"I should think," he said, after a few moments' silence, "a man might have as much firmness as an Indian—a white man, I mean."

His wife started. Surely he is delirious again.

"What do you mean?" she said quietly.

He smiled—a playful smile, his old pleasant look.

"I was only thinking of an anecdote I read the other day. It's been in my mind ever since. There was a text to it."

"What was it?"

"The text was—'John, while you live, never *tempt any man to break a good resolution.*' The story was about an Indian, and it is a true one. He was a great drinker, and had been until fifty years old. At length, when many members of the royal family of his tribe had died and there was but one left between him and the throne, he said to himself, 'How can such a drunken wretch as I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more.' From that time he never did taste anything stronger than water. One day after he became chief he was dining at the house of the governor of Connecticut, when a lad, the governor's son, who had heard of his resolution, asked him to try him, if he would not taste the beer. It was home-brewed, he said, and excellent. Then the old Indian dropped his knife and fork, and replied in what I have called the text of the story. 'I felt angry when I read it. I knew if I should resolve I could have as much force as an Indian, but I didn't wish to resolve. Since then his word Peace has haunted me. I have seen how I am a peace-disturber—to myself, to you, to all about me; and if there is a way to find this peace,' and he pointed to the cross, 'I shall have it, for I shall never drink another drop. It has stood between me and a throne long enough.'"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

TOO SATISFYING.

Tobacco is a narcotic, even though at first it seems to act as a stimulant. Its ultimate effect is rather to quiet than to stimulate the nerves. In doing this it tends to allay anxiety and discomfort. It makes its user measurably contented with his condition and attainments. This may, at first glance, seem to be an advantage, as preventing restlessness and worry. Indeed, the use of tobacco is advocated on this very ground; and the argument is made that the lower classes in the community who can never hope to better their condition are kept in contentment by their pipes and cigars. But the average American youth needs all the nerves and the brain-power he possesses to enable him to know his place and to fill it. He ought not to have his sensibilities deadened. He ought not to be satisfied with his present attainments. If he has failed in his day's work, or in his day's hunting for work, he ought not to take an opiate or a narcotic, and lull his sensibilities to rest over his failure. He ought to face the facts with unclouded vision and with tense nerves, and determine on better things for to-morrow. Put two young men of the same ability side by side in a struggle to find occupation, or to make progress in study or business, and if one deadens his nerves by tobacco while the other is never half asleep in waking hours, the wide-awake young man will soon be away ahead of the other. There are, in fact, many large business establishments where a young man who does not use tobacco is always chosen in preference to one who does, on the score of his increased ambition and quickness and practical efficiency through having all his nerves and sensibilities on the alert. The higher intellectual and moral plane of the young man, the greater the evil from this benumbing influence of tobacco, for the more he needs strong impellings to carry him forward to his best accomplishment. When others are satisfied with him, a young man has least right to be satisfied with himself. His ideal ought to be higher than theirs. When it does not seem necessary that he should work for a living, or work to keep ahead of his companions, he ought to be keenly alive to the necessity of working to do something worth living for, and to enable him to keep ahead of himself. Hence it is that tobacco using holds back so many young men of wealth and intellect and good moral character from doing as well as they can do—a great deal better and a great deal more than they do do. They sit and smoke, and think of how much they have done, and how much they intend to do, and how pleasant it is to live without doing all the time, and—they take another cigar, and are more than satisfied with doing nothing more. There is a deal of truth in the suggestion of old George Trask, that "a good cigar is the most satisfying thing in the world," that "a young man while he is smoking doesn't even want salvation." There are multitudes of boys and young men all about us who are sure to be kept permanently upon a lower plane of performance and attainment because of their lack of ambition and unrest and determined energy through the quieting and becalming influence of tobacco on their nerves and sensibilities, when they ought to be wide awake to their duty and to their lack, and be struggling for success as for their lives. If there were no other reason why a fond mother should train her boy never to touch tobacco, it is enough that by keeping him from its use she gives him a start before his companions who do use it, and helps him to have all his nerves and all his sensibilities and all his energies in their fullest and fairest play. Tobacco is the one thing which to-day keeps many a bright youth from the doing of his best work, and from the realization of his brightest possibilities.—*S. S. Times.*

DR. NORMAN KERR'S ADDRESS TO WOMEN.

Dr. Norman Kerr's address from the chair, at the remarkable meeting of the Christian Workers' Temperance Union (Women), in Langham Hall, reported by us last week, has excited so much interest that we have much pleasure in now giving a full report.

Dr. Kerr said: I feel it a high honor to be called on to preside over so interesting, so well attended, and so influential a meeting. The temperance movement has special claims on Christian workers, inasmuch as, on the one hand, intemperance stands in the way of all Christian effort, and, on the other, total abstinence and the adoption of the pledge are an immense assistance to us in our religious warfare against the crying sin of drunkenness. This, too, is peculiarly a woman's question. The report of the Scotch Commission on grocers' licenses shows a terrible increase in drinking amongst the women of all ranks in Scotland; various official statements show a similar state of things in England, and my own practice as a medical man has revealed to me an appalling amount of both open and secret indulgence in drink by women in all classes of society. The undoubted decrease of drunkenness amongst men seems to have been more than counterbalanced by the increase of drunkenness amongst women. It seems to me that woman has a threefold mission here. First, to the Legislature. No matter how active and successful our moral agencies may be, the super-abounding public temptations of the liquor traffic are more than a match for us. These must be removed if the plague is to be stayed. True, we have nothing to do with politics here; but I cannot refrain from expressing my strong conviction that if men had no votes at all, and all the legislative power were in the hands of Christian women, we should have Sunday closing in Ireland at once, Sunday closing in England in two years, and the Permissive Bill in five years, at the furthest. Woman has a great mission to the medical profession. The routine and somewhat reckless prescription of intoxicating liquors to patients, irrespective of their previous habits, has been known, in not a few instances, to be the destruction of reformed drunkards; and cases are known to me where not only thoughtless, but most cautious and conscientious injunction of liquor as a medicine has been the first step to most deplorable intemperance. Alcohol is a poison, and when used as a remedy is always attended with risk—physical, mental, and moral—and therefore ought to be prescribed, in the words of the great medical declaration, "with as much care as any powerful drug." Women, then, who are so earnestly devoting themselves to the rescue of the intemperate, can appeal with power to the physician and surgeon to order alcohol only when really needed; to order it in a medicinal preparation or mixture, and not in the form of a quack remedy, like sherry or brandy, unless in emergencies, and in precise doses, as "drops" or "teaspoonfuls." Attention has only to be directed to this matter to provide the remedy—

> Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as by want of heart.

All conscientious medical practitioners admit that the indiscriminate prescriptions of strong drinks is productive of much harm. I have no fear, therefore, that such an appeal from Christian women would meet with any other than an effectual response from the earnest and self-denying profession of medicine. But women have still greater work to do, and that is with the various religious bodies and their ministers. Very few of our Church festivals are at present safe for reformed inebriates. With a very few of those rescued from the slavery of drink there is no craving whatever; with more the craving gradually subsides, but with the great majority the craving is ever latent, and the old fire is ready to be relighted at any moment by the smallest sip of the weakest form of alcoholic drink. The sore of drunkenness generally leaves a scar which it needs but a slight application of the old stimulant to re-open afresh. Many victims saved by abstinence from vice and crime and sin have, after manfully resisting the temptations of the world for years, been tempted again to ruin by partaking of alcoholic wine at the Holy Communion, to which they had been with difficulty persuaded to come by unenlightened though earnest Christian ministers. Of such victims we may truly say, in the language of the poet—

> Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
> And sorrow but more closely tied;
> That stood the storm when waves were rough,
> Then in a sunny hour fell off,
> Like ships that have gone down at sea,
> When heaven was all tranquillity.

Many churches use port or sherry at the Communion. Why not brandy and whiskey at once? The ports and sherries of commerce are simply brandied wines, and the ardent spirits, though stronger, are the purer article. But though most will admit that port and sherry are very inappropriate and ought not to be employed at the Sacrament, few seem to understand that most of the sacramental wines used in Britain contain spirit. I lately analyzed a bottle of "tent wine" and found as much alcohol (poison) in it as would kill a child four years old and half kill another. [The Doctor here exhibited the alcohol extracted from the tent, in the same phial labelled "poison" as he had shown to the bishop and clergy at Lincoln.] On this matter I have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic body, for they do not administer the cup to the laity. I have little quarrel with the Jews, for they generally use freshly made unfermented raisin wine; but, even when a drinker myself, I have never allowed any reformed drunkard to go near a communion service where alcoholic wine was employed. I would as soon have thought of putting a loaded pistol in the hands of a maniac, in a lucid interval, and telling him to take care not to shoot himself. As a physician and an expert, I am compelled to declare that to the reformed drunkard a religious service celebrated in intoxicating wine is dangerous and unsafe. Pray do not blame the clergy. We have all been culpable, and most of all we who, as men of science and learning, ought to have taught all along that which we are only beginning to teach now, the poisonous nature and influence of alcohol. Let us not accuse anyone, but let us in Christian love and charity point out the mischief arising from our present procedure, and let us all endeavor to undo the evil that has been done in the past. It is always with confidence that I appeal to women on behalf of any moral or social reform.

> "Not she with traitrous kiss her Saviour stung,
> Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
> Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave."

Her clear and intuitive glance, piercing alike through the mist of superstiton and the obscurity of sophistry, at once discerns the real merits, the right or the wrong, of any great question. Christian workers! in the name of ten thousand brands plucked from the burning, in imminent danger of destruction at the very gate of Heaven and on the very steps of the altar of the loving Saviour, who gave His life to redeem them, to you I most earnestly, most solemnly, and most affectionately appeal. Christian women, shall the appeal be in vain?—*Marylebone Mercury.*

HOW A CLERGYMAN WAS CURED OF USING TOBACCO.

About forty years ago Mr. John Tappan, one of those genuine philanthropists for which Boston was noted a half-century since, lived in an elegant mansion on Summer street. He had retired from active business, but had fitted up an office in the house, where he received business calls. He was a scrupulously neat man, and had a particular abhorrence of the use of tobacco in any form. He was as strong in his antipathy to its use as he was to the use of ardent spirits. The surroundings of his office were to the minutest particular indicative of the individual man. One of the leading avenues through which went out his benevolence was that of aiding indigent churches and helping impecunious clergymen. On one occasion a well-known clergyman of Vermont came to Boston to obtain aid for his church. He called on good old Deacon Proctor, then a leading hardware merchant, and made known his wants. The good deacon took him at once to the residence of Mr. Tappan, introduced him, and left. On being invited to take a seat, the clergyman put into his mouth a huge quid of tobacco. Looking around to see where he should expectorate, he saw an open coal fire, but the bars of the grate were polished steel. This wouldn't do. Next his attention was directed to a copper coal-scuttle, the outside of which shone like burnished gold, and it was heaped with cannal coal. Here was his opportunity, and he discharged his stream of saliva, making a perfect cascade over the coal. Being relieved, he commenced to state his case, stopping frequently to discharge his tobacco juice. Meanwhile Mr. Tappan sat fidgeting in his seat, and finally interrupted the good clergyman by stating that he had made it a rule never to give anything to an intemperate man, and, rising, bowed the clergyman out.

Overwhelmed with grief and mortification, the good man sought Deacon Proctor and burst out with the exclamation: "I have never been so insulted in my life."

Deacon Proctor asked him to give an account of his interview with Mr. Tappan, which he did, not dreaming that the tobacco had anything to do with his sudden dismissal.

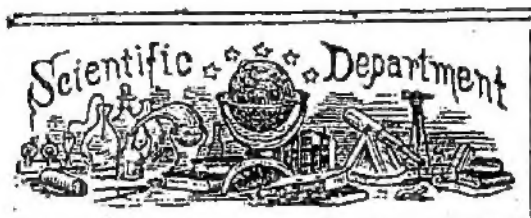
"Sit here," said the deacon; "I will go and see Mr. Tappan."

Arriving at the office he found the windows wide open and a girl scrubbing. "Mr. Tappan," said the deacon, "you have hurt the feelings of one of the best of men, a devoted Christian, and a faithful pastor. What does it mean?"

Mr. Tappan repeated what had happened, and pointed to the coal-scuttle. "Why, sir, it will take a week to get this room purified."

The deacon returned and smoothed over the matter as well as he could, and the clergyman took his leave.

In just one year from that day the clergyman again made his appearance at the store of Deacon Proctor, and asked him to accompany him to the house of Mr. Tappan. Arrived there, the clergyman, looking hale, hearty, and clean, extended his hand to Mr. Tappan, exclaiming: "My dear sir, you have been the means of breaking me of a vile habit, which I thought innocent, but which had got a hold on me I little dreamed of. From the day of my last interview with you I have never put tobacco in any form into my mouth, and, by the blessing and with the help of God, I never will again."—*National Temperance Advocate.*



REPLANTING AND TRANSPLANTING TEETH.

Dr. G. R. Thomas, of Detroit, in the current number of the *Dental Cosmos*, states that this operation of "replanting" has become so common with him, and the results so uniformly satisfactory, that he does not hesitate to perform it on any tooth in the mouth, if the case demands it; and he finds the cases that demand it and the number that he operates upon continually multiplying.

He makes it a point to examine the end of the roots of nearly all his cases of abscessed teeth; and a record of more than 150 cases, with but one loss (and that in the mouth of a man so timid that he utterly refused to bear the pain which nearly always follows for a few minutes, therefore necessitating two extractions), convinces him that the operation is not only practical, but decidedly beneficial both to patient and operator. For one sitting is all that he has ever really found necessary to the full and complete restoration of the case.

In the present article, however, Dr. Thomas states that it is his object no so much to speak of replanting as of transplanting, which he has reason to believe is just as practical, so far as mere re-attachment is concerned, as is replanting. He details, in illustration, a case in which he successfully performed the operation; inserting in the mouth of a gentleman, who had lost a right superior cuspidate, a solid and healthy tooth that he had removed from a lady's mouth four weeks previously. He opened into the canal and pulp chamber of the tooth, from the apex of the root only; cut the end off one-eighth of an inch (it being that much too long), reduced the size somewhat in the centre of the root (it being a trifle larger than the root extracted), filled and placed it in position. He states that the occlusion, shape and color were perfect, so much so that several dentists who saw the case were not able to distinguish the transplanted tooth from the others. The two features in the case that he calls particular attention to are: First, that although the tooth had been in his office four weeks, there is to-day no perceptible change in color; and, second, that the re-attachment is as perfect as though it had been transplanted or replanted the same day of extraction. The operation was performed about three months ago. Dr. Thomas knows of but two obstacles in the way of that perfect practicability of "transplanting:" First, the difficulty of obtaining the proper teeth at the proper time; and, second, the possibility of inoculation. The latter is the more formidable of the two, and, to escape the ills that might follow, the greatest caution is necessary. The first difficulty is more easily gotten over, for it is not necessary that the tooth transplanted should correspond exactly in shape and size to the one extracted; if it is too large, it may be carefully reduced: or if too small, new osseous deposit will supply the deficiency. Neither is it necessary, as we have seen, that the transplanted tooth should be a freshly extracted one. —*Methodist.*

Another City to be Heated by Steam.—The Springfield Gas Company has bought the right for this city to use the Holly system of running steam pipes through the streets to furnish heat and power for adjoining buildings, and the city government will be asked to permit the construction of an experimental line this winter from the company's works on Water street through Elm to Main street. This short line will reach a number of dwellings, stores and offices, a large schoolhouse, the county court house, and the First Church and chapel, in which, with the exception perhaps of the church, it is hoped that a trial of the system may be made, the most distant point from the works being Chicopee bank. It is no new thing of course to heat more than one building by steam from a single furnace, this already being done in this city in the armory buildings and in the Boston and Albany building and depot. The Holly system, which is owned at Lockport, N. Y., and is in most successful operation in that city, includes numerous improvements in the protection of the pipes laid in the streets, the arrangement of connections, valves, traps, etc. In the works at Lockport steam is conducted two miles, and Mr. Holly claims that a distance of five miles can be reached. The pressure on the pipes in the streets is about fifty pounds, and in the house about ten pounds, although only one or two pounds is needed for heating. The Lockport company began on the basis of charging for the heat about as much as had been before paid for fuel, but introduced meters as soon as the enterprise was fairly established, and a similar course will doubtless be pursued in this city. The amount that can be saved to consumers by this system is evidently large, since there is inevitably a waste of fuel in connection with every fire and a great deal of dust and dirt that are injurious to furniture and health. Some of the Lockport housekeepers told visitors from this city that they hardly considered it necessary to clean house in the spring, while their houses had been heated throughout so thoroughly that they scarcely knew of the changes of temperature out doors. The steam is also used for cooking, and is equal to almost any culinary operation except frying and broiling. Experiments have also been made in clearing sidewalks of snow by the use of steam, and the cost of melting a ton of snow is found to be but five cents.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Lightning Rods.—During the summer, when thunder-storms are most common, special attention should be paid, particularly in exposed situations in country places, to the condition of the lightning-rods. The main stem of a copper lightning conductor should never be less than four-tenths of an inch in diameter; this dimension is not sufficient for a building more than eighty feet high. Galvanized iron may be used instead of copper, but then the diameter should be, at least, double that of a copper rod. A galvanized iron-rope conductor should never be less than eight-tenths of an inch in diameter; a galvanized iron strip should be four inches wide and one-eighth of an inch thick. A lightning-rod must be continuous and unbroken from end to end. A rod need not be attached to a building by insulated fastenings; metal clamps may be safely employed, provided the rod be of good conducting capacity and otherwise efficient. Above, the rod must terminate in metal points, well projected into the air; there should be several of these points, and all perfectly sharp. The bottom of the conductor must be carried down into the moist earth and be connected with it by a surface contact of large extent. All large masses of metal in a building should be metallically connected with the lightning-rod, except when they are liable to be occupied by people during a thunder-storm—an iron balcony, for instance. In such cases it is better not to have the iron connected with the conductor, for there is some risk of persons standing on the balcony furnishing a path for the lightning to the rod. The rods ought to be tested every year to make sure that the continuity is perfect and the ground connection satisfactory.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Galignani's Messenger says: A very curious discovery has just been made, which, if it should be found as practicable in application as it seems to promise, may create a very considerable change in the production of silk. It is nothing more or less than the possibility of obtaining two yields in the year of the raw material, instead of one, as at present. The moth, which is the last stage of the caterpillar's existence, lays its eggs in May or June, and they remain in a dormant state until the spring of the following year. But sometimes they are observed to hatch spontaneously ten or twelve days after they are laid. That circumstance having come to the knowledge of M. Duclaux, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences, at Lyons, he undertook a series of experiments on the subject, and has found that the new hatching, or forcing, can be procured at will. The means for effecting that object are very simple: Rubbing the eggs with a hard brush, subjecting them to the action of electricity, or more surely still by dipping them for half a minute in concentrated sulphuric acid. When this new hatching is accomplished, the mulberry-tree is in its full vigor, and the weather is so favorable that the rearing of the worm is liable to much less risk than during the early day of spring, when the sudden atmospheric changes are very detrimental and frequently fatal to the growing caterpillars. Moreover, the eggs from the second batch are said to produce the following year a progeny much more hardy than that arising from those which have been, so to say, hibernating for so many months.

Disinfecting Foul Places.—The *Scientific News* calls attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all vile smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion: "The article commonly used to disinfect foul places is chloride of lime, but in reality it is not of much value. It may and generally does remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The much advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums, and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned 'copperas,' or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of copperas would weigh probably 300 pounds, and can be purchased at wholesale price for a cent and a half per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply on hand. A couple of handfuls of copperas thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half-barrel or keg with water, and suspend within it a moderate sized basketful of copperas. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Death from Ether.—A patient dies suddenly, not because chloroform or ether has too quickly entered into and thus poisoned the body, but because its entrance has been prevented by its pungent or irritant property, which has restrained the necessary respiratory movements at the same time. If this be true, the condition of safety is to administer either narcotic in that degree of dilution at which it is easily breathed; and, when unconsciousness is thus gradually produced, it may then be given almost at the point of saturation, for, as sense or consciousness is gradually lost, the breathing is no longer restrained by that pungency which was a source of danger in the first instance,—though this last point is of comparatively little moment—the air will still contain sufficient oxygen to satisfy the chemical requirements of respiration. Some have thought that ether may be given with more safety than chloroform, and appeal to experience as being in their favor; but this is erroneous, and it has been clearly shown that there is in reality no difference. Both are equally free from or obnoxious to danger, in accordance with obedience to or neglect of the precaution I have indicated.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Scientific and Industrial.—Compressed Coffee.—A patent has recently been issued in Germany, says the *Deutche Industrie Zeitung*, for a process of compressing ground and burnt coffee, for the purpose of making it more readily transportable and unalterable for a length of time. For this purpose the coffee is subjected to a pressure of from 40 to 70 atmospheres in suitable cast-iron moulds. The coffee is thus made into cakes, and comes into the market in a form resembling chocolate, divided as the latter is by ribs to facilitate breaking into pieces of suitable size for use. The interior surface of the moulds is highly polished, by which artifice the outer crust of the compressed coffee is made sufficiently smooth and hard to prevent the tendency of the ethereal oil of the coffee to escape from the interior of the cakes. The volume of the coffee thus prepared is reduced to less than one-third of that of the original. It is asserted that the operation does not in the least affect its good qualities, and that it can be packed and transported in tin foil or other packages, preserving its aroma indefinitely.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Mr. Henry E. Knapp, civil engineer, of New York, has recently attacked the theory of ventilating sewers and drains. He asserts that the sewer gases are heavier than air, and would remain near the surface of the ground if set free, and therefore it would be just as sensible to ventilate graves. He contends that the only safe way to deal with the sewers is to give them plenty of water, and see that proper valves are used. In commenting upon Mr. Knapp's views, *The Manufacturer and Builder* says: "We have always been in favor of keeping the sewer gases where they belong—in the sewers. Experience has taught us that ventilating openings, even when led up to the roof, often spread disgusting and pernicious odors around the place of their exit. To ventilate them in the street or sidewalks in front of the residences, as recommended by some, who even have patented contrivances for this purpose, we most emphatically condemn, especially when the water supply is sufficient to dilute and wash the contents to the sea; surely in that case there is not the least necessity for it."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Terrible death from phosphorus is reported. A young man left Paris a few days back to visit his friends at Lyons, and as soon as he got into the carriage he lit a match by scratching it with his thumb-nail, and a piece of the incandescent phosphorus penetrated under the nail and made a slight burn, to which he paid no attention. But after an hour the pain became very great, the thumb swelled, then the hand, and next the forearm. He was obliged to alight at the first station and send for a medical man, who declared that instant amputation of the arm was necessary. The patient insisted on postponing the operation for a few hours until the arrival of his father for whom he had telegraphed. But before the latter could reach the spot it was too late; the poisonous matter had gained the arm, then the shoulder, and any operation was henceforth impossible. The young man died 27 hours after the burn in horrible suffering.—*Alliance News.*

The new electric light which they are now introducing into Paris, and which has the advantages of greater brilliancy and cheapness, has beside the sanitary advantage of being better for the eyes and more like sunlight, the further advantage of avoiding all the evils of leaking gas and the production of carbonic acid, or even of the overheating of close apartments. A kerosene flame produces as much impurity in the air as comes from the lungs of a stout man, and kerosene is responsible for two hundred deaths a year in the United States from explosions. We trust the system will soon be introduced here.—*N. Y. Independent.*

DOMESTIC.

Apple Butter Pudding.—Peel and take out the cores from six good-sized apples, fill with sugar; put into a pie dish and cover with a light batter. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Glazed Ham.—Brush the ham—a cold boiled one, from which the skin has been taken—well, all over with a beaten egg. To a cup of powdered cracker, allow enough rich milk or cream to make into a thick paste, salt, and work in a teaspoonful of melted butter. Spread this evenly a quarter of an inch thick over the ham, and set to brown in a moderate oven.

Mutton or Lamb Rechauffe.—Cut some slices of cold undertone mutton or lamb; put them in a frying-pan with enough gravy or broth to cover them. Or, if you have neither of them, make a gravy of butter, warm water and catsup. Heat to boiling, and stir in pepper and a great spoonful of currant jelly. Send to the table in a chafing-dish, with the gravy poured about the meat.

Mrs. Hobbs' Chicken Salad.—Three chickens chopped fine, both light and dark meat; the juice of two lemons; eight or ten eggs boiled hard—the whites, chopped fine, and the yolks mashed fine, moistened with six teaspoon melted butter, two of sweet oil; to which add one teaspoon of mustard, one of pepper, one of salt, one of sugar, three of cream; and last, add six large bunches of celery, chopped fine, with sufficient vinegar to moisten the whole.—*Home Cook Book.*

Green Corn Pudding.—Take half a dozen ears of green sweet corn, and with a sharp pointed knife, split each row of kernels and scrape from the ear; mix with this pulp two eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt spoonful of salt, half a pint of cream (or milk, with an extra spoonful of butter), and one dozen crackers, pounded fine. Mix well together and bake two or three hours. Use the corn raw.—*Western Rural.*

Beef Cakes.—Take some cold roast beef; that which is underdone is best, and mince it very fine; mix with it grated bread crumbs and a little chopped onion and parsley; season it with pepper and salt, and moisten it with some beef dripping and walnut sauce; some scraped cold tongue or grated ham will be found an improvement: form it into broad, flat cakes, and spread a layer of mashed potatoes thinly on the top and bottom of each; lay a small bit of butter on the top of every cake; place them in a dish, and set them in an oven to brown.

Okra Soup.—Put a gallon of water on the fire; let it boil; cut into it two double handfuls of tender okra. Half an hour afterward put in a handful of Lima beans, three cymlings, and a bit of fresh meat, or a fowl, which is better than any thing except beef or veal. About an hour afterward put in five large tomatoes cut into slices, or more, if you choose; also add a little butter rolled in flour, but not enough to thicken the soup. Add sparingly red pepper and salt. It is better to make okra soup in a stone vessel, if convenient, and stir with a wooden spoon, as metal turns it black. Put it on very early, that it may only simmer over the fire.

A Useful Paste.—A lady correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* gives the following recipe for a paste for use in making scrap-books and other domestic purposes:—"I dissolve a piece of alum the size of a walnut in a pint of boiling water; to this I add a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour, made smooth in a little cold water and a few drops of oil of cloves, letting the whole come to a boil. This paste will keep for months. I put it up in glass jars used for canning, or well-cleaned blacking bottles, according as I may require it. If a jar loses its top, by breakage or wear, I use it for paste, laying a bit of board over the top, if I have nothing better, for the purpose of excluding the air. I use for a brush a half-inch bristle brush, which costs but a few pennies, but is very handy to a housewife in labeling bottles, pasting a bit here and there, cleaning bottles, dusting corners of pictures, mouldings on furniture, etc. This paste is handy, too for domestic purposes. My children have many toys that come in wooden boxes, which seem necessary to keep them in order; but these will break at the corners, and soon come to pieces. As soon as a box begins to give out, I take a piece of cambric or calico, and with the above-described brush and paste cover the box so that it will bear constant usage for months. Then if the cover gives out, I pull it off and put on another one. Again, a doll's arm or leg will come off; but a piece of muslin and a bit of paste restores the article, so that it is as good as it was before."

DOES HE HEAR ?

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

(Continued.)

"So! so! That s too bad! I guess it's slipped out under the curtains. Terrible muddy, too!" and the good man looked back along the road they had come. "I'll tell you what, Johnny," he said, "don't fret; I can't give you such a fine Bible as the one you've lost, but if you don't find that I'll give you a good plain one."

Johnny couldn't say "Thank you"; he didn't want another Bible. He ran in to tell his mother what had happened, and explain that he was going to walk over the road to try and find his treasure, and then started, with his head bent down, determined not to come home till he found it.

How fast thoughts came as he walked! "I meant to be different; I was going to read a chapter every day! And then there were those texts Miss Duncan marked—I was going to learn every one of them."

His teacher's name recalled the afternoon's lesson. Johnny stood still in the muddy road, dimly remembering the verse he had read.

"She said we could ask God for anything; and Jesus said if we'd ask for anything, He'd hear us! I'll ask Him."

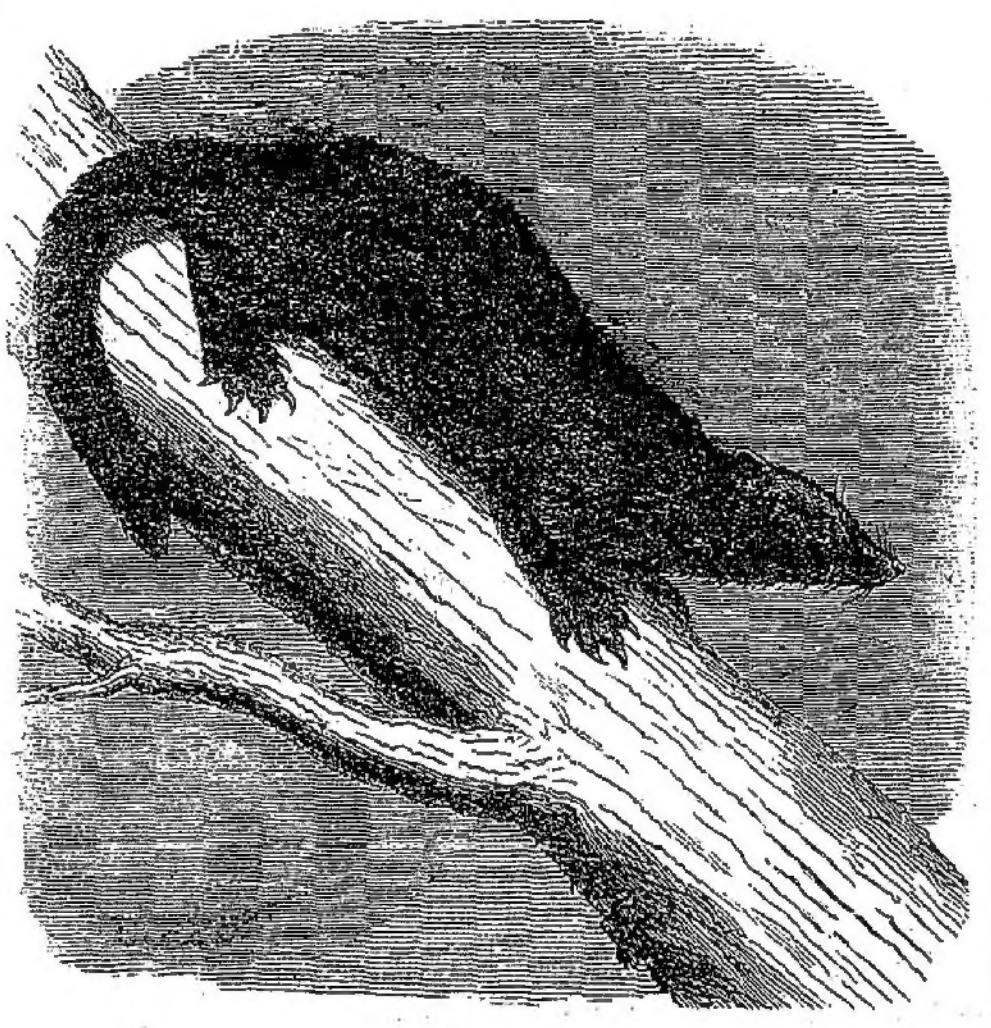
The boy had never prayed before, except at "proper times." Every night and morning he had knelt, and—sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly and thoughtlessly—he had said the Lord's Prayer, and "Now I lay me," etc. Now that he wished to pray he felt he ought to kneel; but one glance around showed him how impossible that was. He had walked some distance, but without a moment's hesitation he returned homewards, and never stopped till he reached his own little room, where he fell on his knees.

"Our Father," he said, with a new strange thankfulness to be able to call the great God by that name. But there he stopped—what words should he use? He could think of none that were fit to use to God: But as he knelt and the thought of his loss came over him, boy as he was, he fairly burst into tears, and he cried aloud "Our Father—my Bible, my Bible! Amen."

Kneeling in the Sunday stillness, it seemed to the boy that he could feel God near him; and though he said no more and made no resolutions, John Day long after dated his new life in Christ from that hour when he first prayed to his heavenly Father. A little later he slipped down stairs and started once more on his quest: but it was beginning to rain and the night was coming on. Still the boy, buoyed up by his faith, pressed on and retraced all the way to the very place he had stood when getting into the waggon. But the Bible was not to be found. Johnny walked back sadly, with a faint doubt in his heart. Had God heard?

Yet that prayer to God had made life seem so new to him—God, as a loving Father, was such a wonderful revelation, that Johnny, when he went to bed, again prayed with all his heart. This time he knew his Father better—he ventured to speak to Him and tell Him, in his boyish way, how very much he loved Him, and how, if he could but have his Bible again, he would study it.

The week passed; no one had seen the Bible; but on the next Saturday evening Mr. Barr himself called at the cottage, with a plainly bound copy of the Scriptures for Johnny. The boy took the book gratefully, and sitting down, determined to find the verses where Jesus promised to do what we asked for. He remembered the name of the Gospel,



THE BLACK MARTEN.

and beginning about the fifth chapter of St. John he went steadily on. All the way he read; and what a wonderful story it was for a boy whose heart had already been drawn toward God! He read of the blind receiving sight, of the death and burial of Lazarus; and when he came to that little verse, "Jesus wept," the boy stopped in wonder.

He could understand how the sisters felt. Only two years before his father had been brought home dead, and then his little sister had died. Did Jesus feel sorry for them, too?

Further on, with his heart all aglow with desire to be one of the Saviour's disciples, he read; "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."

"'Any man!' That means folks now-a-days as well as the disciples! And I know Jesus is willing to take boys, for Miss Duncan told me so." Then, suddenly, he caught sight of the promise he had been looking for: "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."

"That's it! he exclaimed; "I didn't ask in His name, so I didn't find it!" Strange to say, he did not ask again.

The boy grew on to manhood, known in all the neighborhood as an earnest Christian, as one who was following Christ very closely. For years he never had another Bible but the plain one that Mr. Barr had given him; for his mother needed his earnings, and any little sums he could save were soon spent on the poor and sick whom he visited.

One night he took his well-worn Bible and went to a weekly meeting which he and some of his classmates had started. It was held for the study of the Bible, but an evangelist, who had been wonderfully blessed in his labors, had promised that evening to say a few words. The stranger was there, and joined in studying the chapter they had agreed upon. He was then asked to speak, and said he was going to tell them something which he seldom told, for he did not often feel it best to talk of himself. For some reason he felt impelled to do so there.

"I was a very careless and utterly irreligious man seven years ago," he said; "and, worst of all, I drank. I had become such a slave to this habit that my wife had left me, and I was wandering from the city where we had lived. It happened that on a Sunday afternoon I passed along the high road, longing to reach some public-house where I could quench the thirst that was tormenting me. It was very muddy, so that my walk had wearied me, and I was feeling low-spirited and dejected. Just then I saw something lying in the middle of the road. I picked it up; it was a book—a Bible.

"My friends, I tell you this because I notice that some of you have marked your Bibles, while one or two have not. Don't hesitate to mark them.

"I picked up the Bible, and might have thrown it down again, but I happened to see a text was marked. I was curious to see why that particular verse was singled out, and read it; 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I told you I was weary; you can fancy how that text spoke to me. Suddenly I seemed to see myself—I could not come; I was not fit!

"I turned the leaves of the Bible and caught sight of another mark. The verse was: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow' Friends, I need not tell you much more when I show you that very Bible—my companion ever since. I don't know the man that dropped it; I've often prayed for him. But if not in this life, yet in the next, he will learn that his lost Bible has been the means of saving my soul."

So John Day's first prayer was answered. He saw his own Bible, and as he learned what a gain his loss had been, and remembered that it was through that loss he first learned to pray, he bowed his head and gave thanks.—*Churchman.*

GERALDINE.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

One day, some thirty years ago, a merry little girl, who was out walking with her nurse in the outskirts of the city of Bath, stood still to look at some poultry through the railings of a garden. An old gentleman was feeding them, and kindly asked her to come in, which she was very glad to do. They had a pleasant talk together, and as they parted the venerable old man placed his hand on her head, and said solemnly, "The blessing of the Lord rest on thee, my child, and make thee a blessing." These words, which much impressed the little girl at the time, were long remembered by her. They were spoken by William Day, who was then about eighty years old, a minister who, even before the age of twenty-one, had preached a thousand times.

Little Geraldine was descended from the martyr Bishop Hooper, of Queen Mary's time; she was a very loving, lively, sensitive and clever child, and as she grew up her sweetness, intelligence and humor made her a great favorite in society. Fond of light reading and music, she also spent much

time in company, attending balls, parties and theatres; and there seemed to be great danger that the good gifts which God had graciously granted her would be lavished on empty worldly pursuits.

But in time of sorrow her loving Lord drew her to Himself. Her grief at the death of a lady to whom she was much attached made her ill, and for the sake of her health she was taken by her father to the Continent. Whilst staying with some kind friends in France, she longed for rest and peace, and made up her mind to become religious. Morning and evening she read in the Bible, and even in the winter would sometimes rise at three o'clock and go into the garden to offer prayer, with the strange idea that God would the more value prayers said at such a cost, and that they would be sure to open the door of heaven to her.

After her return home she went one evening to hear a minister, who spoke of "the proud Pharisees who trusted in their own works and righteousness." As she listened her sadness increased, and the tears rolled down her face, for she saw how much her own conduct had been like that of the Pharisees. Her sorrow during the week which followed was extreme; and when a fortnight later she went to the same place of worship she said to the servant who was with her, "Unless I get some comfort to-night, I do not think I dare go again."

One of her friends had previously said to her that if she wept so much in church, those who saw her would think she was a great sinner; to which she had answered, "They will not think me a greater sinner than I think myself." And when that evening the minister gave out the following text, about our Saviour, "This man receiveth *sinners*," her heart bounded with joy; for as the words of cheer reached her outward ear, the Spirit of God caused the glad tidings to enter her truly penitent and sincerely-seeking soul. She felt that her Saviour was waiting with open arms to receive her, and with quiet peaceful trust she gave up her heart to Him.

Only a few days later, as she was walking down a miserable street, having prayerfully desired that the Lord would direct her steps, a wretched-looking woman accosted her with the question, "Be you a district visitor?"

"I'm anything you like to call me," was her reply, and then, at the woman's request, she followed her up a dark staircase to a room in which lay a man hopelessly ill, and in great distress of mind. When Geraldine Hooper asked him what he wanted, he answered, "*Mercy*," and she responded by repeating to him the text, "*This man receiveth sinners.*"

"Where is that?" he asked with eagerness; and then she told him of the blessing which that text had been the means of imparting to herself.

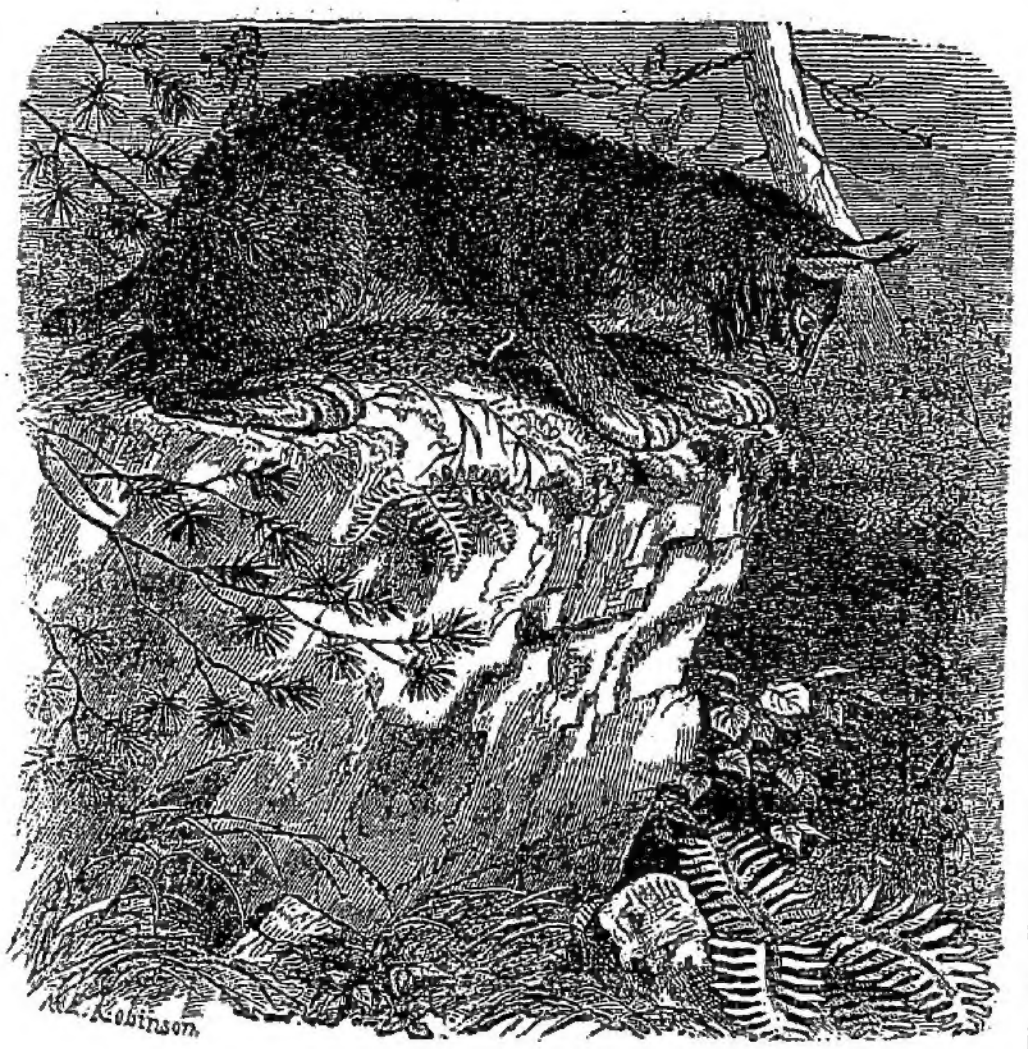
"Say it again, read me all about it," he entreated. For many weeks she saw him every day, and his end was a very peaceful one.

After a time Geraldine Hooper felt it right to give up the gay society with which she had been wont to mingle, and to throw her energies into efforts for the good of others; wishing above all else to direct the sinful and sorrowful to a Saviour's *forgiving love*. At first in a small kitchen in a court, then in the Temperance Hall, and afterwards in a large room under the meeting-house of the Society of Friends, she gave religious addresses in her own city. From small beginnings she was led on to testify for Christ by holding meetings in many parts of England; thousands flocked to hear her, and a manifest blessing rested on her ministry. "What an awful resposibility," she wrote, "it is to possess such a power! God has committed to me this talent, not that I may bury it, or use it, for my own ends, but that I may turn it to account for His glory and for the good of souls." When sometimes deeply feeling her own powerlessness, though she truly rejoiced in the service of the Lord, she was comforted by such texts as, "Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak."

In a letter to a school girl she writes: "Be not content, dearest M——, with having found Christ, or being found of Him. *Walk* with Jesus, *live* for Jesus, *testify* for Jesus; deny yourself."

One of her addresses to children was about the Good Shepherd, and she told her young hearers that Christ's sheep had enemies, just as the sheep of David had. There was the *wolf* coming so quietly and stealthily to pounce on some poor lamb. "The wicked world," she said, "is just such an enemy to Christ's sheep. It creeps up, oh so stealthily! That little amusement, this trifling vanity. * * * The next great enemy is the *bear*. Now how do you think the bear attacks his prey? He hugs it to death! The bear is self. Don't you often feel self-will and selfishness? And when mother tells you to do something you don't like, or to leave off doing something you *do* like, you feel the strength of the bear of *self*."

Of her whole life it may be truly said that she labored much in the Lord.—*London Friend's Tract.*



THE CANADA LYNX.

THE BLACK MARTEN.

The Martens differ from the Weasels by being shorter and more compact, and by residing chiefly in trees, where their long claws give them a secure hold. There are several kinds of Martens, namely, the Common, the Beech, the Pine, and the Black. The fur of all of them is valuable, though that of the Common Marten is the least so It is of two sorts: An inner fur, short and soft, and long outer hair from which the whole fur derives its color. All but the Black Marten are of a dark tawny color, the Common Marten having a white throat, and the Pine Marten a yellow throat. The most valuable skins, however, are those of the Black Marten. This animal is found, though rarely, in our Northern States, but it is abundant in British America as far north as the Great Slave Lake. It is very plentiful in the rocky and mountainous, but woody, district of the Nipigon on the north side of Lake Superior. It is called differently in different regions—Pennants Marten, Black Fox, Fisher Weasel, and Black Cat, being some of the names applied to it by the settlers.

THE CANADIAN LYNX.

The Canada Lynx lives in the forests of the northern part of the United States as well as in Canada. It catches hares, squirrels, and partridges, pursuing the birds even among the tree tops. The long fur of the Lynx has been made into muffs and capes for many years, and been worn by American ladies.

Some people tell others when they are in danger they must be "lynx-eyed." They mean that they must be watchful like this creature, who is always on the look-out, and nothing can come near him without his knowing it. The Wild Cat is very much like the Lynx, but is much smaller.

AMONG THE PIOUS resolutions entered in the common-place book of the learned and witty Sir Thomas Browne was this: "To pray in all places where privacy inviteth; in any house, highway, or street; and to know no street or passage in the city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it." A prayer upon the street may be as effectual as one in the church or the closet. The Bible forbids us to make an unseemly public display of our devotions; but the "Pray without ceasing" of St. Paul bids us to carry a devotional spirit into our daily work. A quickened spiritual thought, an unspoken tribute of praise, or a brief petition that does not come to the lips, may be a great help in temptation or in toil. You may not be able to carry out to the full the beautiful resolution of Sir Thomas Browne; but it will be well to enquire how many of the streets and ways you frequent have been consecrated by some petition or aspiration, or thanksgiving.—*S. S. Times.*

NO MAN can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.—*Mempis.*

The Family Circle.

THE TRUE IMMORTALITY.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Long years a sculptor wrought,
Slowly to carve upon the pulseless stone
The glowing vision in his heart that shone;
Then dying, proudly thought,
"Long as the heavens endure, a glorious fame
Shall keep the deathless memory of my name!"

A poet sang such songs,
Where, with his dreaming soul, he sat apart,
As thrilled the great world to its mighty heart,
And swayed the listening throng;
Then dying, thought, "While sun and stars shall shine'
All men shall sing these deathless lays of mine!"

Beside a sleeping child,
In the still twilight of a summer day,
A mother knelt with folded hands to pray;
Saying, in accents mild,
"Ah! loving Christ! how blest my life would be
Might I but lead my little child to Thee!"

Ages have passed since then;
The sculptor's marble is a shapeless thing;
The poet's song all lips forgot to sing;
And from the hearts of men
The mother's name has faded with the rest,
And only daisies grow above her breast.

Yet, in the world of light,
The child she prayed for by the cradle side
Is singing now among the glorified,
Praise God! both day and night;
And so shall sing, a seraph high and pure,
Long as the years of God's right hand endure.
—*Selected.*

HOW WE DID OUR HOUSEHOLD ART.

I was always ambitious—at school, at college, in my professional studies, and, after my engagement, extremely ambitious to be married; but so would you, had you loved a girl half as bewitching as my Ophelia.

I said to her father one day, "I think we had better hasten our marriage, look up and furnish apartments, and then I will hang out my shingle and see what I shall do in my profession."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Gager, very deliberately, "you are putting the cart before the horse."

I will not relate the rest of our conversation, but simply say that my persistence won the day. I had by careful saving accumulated a moderate sum, which I believed would carry us along until my profession began to be remunerative, and I felt that the companionship of my sweet Ophelia and the delights of our home, however humble, would be a great stimulus. So we were married, and after much hunting and searching, settled in very small but cozy quarters in the little city of Borrak.

But however expeditious we had been up to this point, it took us no little time to "get to rights"—to arrange curtains, carpets, and furniture. The truth was, I felt called to show my general good taste and "gumption" in the furnishing of our little home, to make it a model, a light for others, who, with small means but much taste and ingenuity, aspired to Art, and I did it in a manner to have made Eastlake mad with envy.

We could not afford carpets, and, indeed, were too "high-toned" to desire them. After I had painted the floor a dark brown, we took some pieces of carpet that Ophelia's mother had given her, and sewing them together, transformed them into rugs by putting on a border of frayed stuff made into a kind of fringe. When completed we could truly say they did not look like everybody else's.

The curtains were made of unbleached cotton cloth; they had "cross bands," of course (they wouldn't have Eastlakean otherwise); the cross bands were of black cambric and Turkey red. I had a suspicion that they had seen service as dress linings or something of the sort, but I never felt like mentioning it to Ophelia, lest it should hurt her feelings, dear thing!

Of course our best room had to have a dado; it would have been like the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out, without it. For some time I wondered how I was to manage this, but at last accomplished it bravely by getting a cheap piece of dark-wall paper and pasting it horizontally around the room just above the base-boards. The room was in plain white, and this rather strong paper made a decided contrast, giving a dado in earnest.

"Don't it look rather queer?" said Ophelia, when it was done. "Somehow, I can't get used to it."

"Oh no," said I; "it is High Art—Household Art—what I believe they call Art furnishing."

A frieze was next in order, and although a difficult matter, my wits served me again. I remembered having seen in my father-in-law's garret a package of papers that came with tea-chests (he had been a tea merchant); thither I hastened, and with the eagerness of a huntsman about securing his game drew forth from their hiding-place a bundle of the scarlet wrappers covered over with Japanese characters.

After being suitably trimmed they were mounted on the upper part of the wall just under the ceiling, and formed a rather bright frieze, to be sure. "But," I remarked to Ophelia, "a bit of bright color in a room is a good thing."

"Doesn't that look just a little bit startling?" queried she, with misgiving.

"Oh, it is 'Household Art,'" I replied; "it is 'beautifying the home.'"

"Well, it may be; but it gives me a sort of restless feeling. I suppose I shall get used to it, though. By-the-way, when I was down street I saw some beautiful pottery in the shop windows—'Beverly Pottery,' I believe they called it. Some pieces were plain, yet to be decorated; some were painted in a most stylish way; and others were covered all over with bright little things cut from paper, pasted on and varnished. Oh, how I longed for some of those pretty things to set off our apartments!"

"Well, you shall long no longer, my pretty maid," said I. "We can do them. Don't you know Aunt Hannah has a lot of Seltzer-water jugs in her cellar that she doesn't know what to do with? With a little fixing they will become real antiques, objects of beauty and art; more than that, some large flower-pot saucers, under the same treatment, will be transformed into plaques; and then—glorious idea!—I can get two or three large pieces of drain-tile, and, decorating them, we can have some great vases fairly rivalling the Chinese. That will be Household Art indeed!"

"Very fine," said Ophelia; "but we can't either of us paint."

"We don't need to," I replied. "The beauty of this Household Art is that it is so simple that even a babe can do it. It doesn't require learning or skill; every man is as good as any other man, and a good deal better."

I hastened away, full of my purpose and enthusiasm, and in an hour returned with a large basket of Seltzer jugs and flower-pot saucers, as well as three pieces of large earthenware drain-pipe. From a neighboring painter I procured two little pails of paint, one red and one yellow, with which I painted the several articles. While engaged in this pleasing task I remarked to Ophelia that in Household Art work the red would be called "a ground of Pompeian red," and the yellow "a body of amber."

"What a great thing is Household Art!" she replied—"to transform the things we have always considered common or vulgar into the very height of refinement! What an age this is!"

"Yes, yes, it is a wonderfully progressive age; Art flourishes on every side. By-the-bye, I saw something at Mrs. Joucinboy's the other day that would 'make your mouth water.' She had all her furniture covered with a cheap coarse stuff called burlaps, upon which she had stitched little dragons and devils cut from red flannel or black cloth, and you can't think how unique it looked."

"I should think it would have looked awful," said Ophelia, somewhat solemnly.

"Oh no, far from it—truly artistic. We must do some. Then at Mrs. Cutting's I saw some furniture that they had painted black; and then—what do you think?—she had glued on flowers and leaves cut from cretonne and chintz goods, after which she varnished the whole, and you can't think how splendid it looked—so showy and stylish!"

"Well," remarked Ophelia, "I should like to try that. I've got one or two old dresses from which I could cut some excellent things. Really, what a depository of art our apartments will become after a little time!"

Just here there was a loud shout, followed by a rattling sound, as my old friend and chum Tom Bowler bolted in, upsetting the pail of "Pompeian red," which had been resting on the top of the step-ladder while I was painting the upper part of the door-frame only a few moments before.

"Well," exclaimed Tom, "what's going on here, old boy? Are you fixing traps on your doors to catch burglars? I declare" (surveying several streams of "Pompeian red" and amber flowing down his coat) "this is painting the lily! I suppose you consider this the rediest way of receiving your friends. What are you up to? You haven't turned house-painter, have you? Why, you are a gump; you could get a man for a dollar a day who could do that a great deal better than you can."

"Oh, you don't comprehend it," said I, somewhat piqued; "this is no ordinary painting—this is Household Art."

"Household fiddlesticks!" said he. "You'll make your place look like a child's play-house, as though there wasn't a sensible thing in it—a nest of shams; but never mind—have you got something I can wipe this paint off with?"

After he had taken his departure, I remarked to Ophelia that as we progressed in culture we failed to find the same pleasure in the society of former friends who had not made the same advance as ourselves.

"That's true," she replied; "showing Tom our pretty things seemed like casting pearls before swine."

As the days passed by, our furnishing advanced; the chairs painted black, upon which the flowers were gummed and varnished, were our especial pride.

One day, shortly after we had finished them, a knock was heard at the door, and when Ophelia opened it, she saw, not a little to her embarrassment, two quite elegantly dressed ladies—Mrs. Shinar and Miss Bustle—who had come to make a formal call.

Matters were not well to rights, and the ladies, seeing our embarrassment, very graciously seated themselves, and soon made us feel quite at home. As opportunity offered, I led the conversation up to Household Art, launching out upon its charms, and growing quite eloquent as I explained what we had been doing. "Would you credit it," said I, "those tall vases are only painted drain-pipes, with twenty-five cents' worth of little chromos gummed on and varnished? and would you imagine that that smaller and more antique-looking pair are only Seltzer jugs that by an interesting but simple pro—" Here it flashed upon my mind that the ladies were sitting in the very chairs we had so recently decorated in paint, pictures, and varnish—a malicious, exasperating varnish that seemed to have made up its mind never to dry. My voice stuck in my throat. I was unable to finish my sentence, but turned pale with dismay.

"You are not well," said Mrs. Shinar, rising. "Your enthusiasm has been too much for you; you are worn out. I think, my dear" (turning to Miss Bustle), "we had better go." Both the ladies essayed to go, but were held fast; surprised, they started the more energetically, when there followed a great cracking, ripping, and tearing, as one left a good part of her silk gown torn and mangled upon the chair, while the other stood up with the chair (miserable black imp that it was!) clinging to her.

"Oh! o—h!" "Hi—i!" screamed they, at the top of their voices.

Mrs. Shinar's poodle added to the wretched confusion by rushing wildly around, when suddenly it disappeared from view.

When equanimity was regained, my wife explained to the ladies the cause of the accident, and expressed her deep mortification. It was no small matter to get Miss Bustle separated from her chair, and it was finally decided that I should retire while she slipped out of the dress and incumbrance, leaving to Ophelia the separation of the two at her leisure. The ladies arrayed themselves in some plain dresses of my wife's, and as I spied them from the pantry window making their way home in their changed attire, all their airs and graces gone, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. Ophelia, just entering, said I was a wretch; and I merely replied that we couldn't always expect to have things to please us.

Just here the conversation was interrupted by a fearful howling and yelping, which possibly had been going on for some time, but had not been noticed in the excitement. Hastening to the parlor, we found that when Mrs. Shinar's poodle disappeared it ran into one of the newly painted and varnished drain-tiles that had been left to dry in the bedroom upon a little frame I had arranged for it, and there the poor creature was literally stuck fast. We tugged and pulled at him, but in vain; finally I had to get a hammer and break the thing in order to release him. I grieved as I saw two or three days' work sacrificed for the miserable poodle, but there was nothing else to do. Misfortunes followed to the very end; for in endeavoring to give him a hearty "send-off," and applying my foot vigorously for that purpose, the wretched dog slunk away, the newly painted door receiving the full impress of my manly sole.

One day some time after these events Ophelia came to me with a letter in her hand, saying, "Oh, I've such capital news! Cousin Grace is coming to make us a visit. You've never seen her. She's so nice, and accomplished too. She has studied abroad, and is all up in Art. How she will admire our home! how she will appreciate this Household Art!"

I did not fully share Ophelia's feelings, for my ardor had become a little dampened in regard to Household Art. I had come to have a vague feeling that "things are not what they seem." However, I was glad to have Ophelia pleased—dear girl!—and so I brightened up my countenance.

In a few days Grace arrived—a very quiet, lady-like person. She was accompanied by Tom Bowler, who, it seemed, was an old acquaintance, and took the opportunity to come up with her. I cannot say that I was particularly glad to see him; I could not forget his last visit; but fortunately he did not remain long after leaving his charge.

It was not long before Grace became quite at home, and so intelligent, sensible, and modest was she that we could not but greatly respect her. Somewhat to our surprise, she made no allusion to our "art treasures," and though I skilfully endeavored to draw her out upon the subject, she avoided any expression with a woman's tact. On one occasion, after tea, as we were sitting around the evening lamp, Ophelia said:

"Now, Grace, you have not told us what you thought of our 'Household Art,' of the 'Home Adornments' we have here. I'm curious to know what you think of them."

There was for a moment or two a slightly embarrassing pause, after which Grace very quietly said, "I fear my views upon the subject of Household Art are unpopular, and as they may not be agreeable, suppose we avoid the topic?"

This expression of course made Ophelia all the more anxious to know what her views were, and I shared her curiosity somewhat. So we pressed her, and told her she should say what she pleased, and we should like her none the less for it—that we wished to improve our views, etc.

"Well," said Grace, "if I speak at all, I must speak frankly, and I fear lest I hurt your feelings." Upon being re-assured, she said, "I am heartily in sympathy with the desire to make homes more attractive and beautiful, but I believe a love for what is genuine, sensible, and good of its kind must inspire any successful effort, for whatever possesses these qualities must command respect and give lasting satisfaction. The fault of much of the so-called 'Home Adornment,' it seems to me is, that it is a sham and a pretence. The gorgeousness of the Ind is to be reproduced in paint, putty, and chromos for a shilling. Now the gorgeousness of the Ind is not glaring, for its richness is the richness that comes from most skillful, delicate, and elaborate work, but the cheap imitation lacks those qualities, and is simply tawdry. The beautiful art of pottery (aside from the matter of form) has its peculiar charm in those effects which can alone be obtained in pottery; the exquisite glazing, so varied and surprising; the results obtained from different kinds of clay, or the combining of different clays; or the use of instruments that produce sparkle, variety, or form in relief. These things, it seems to me, are the peculiar charm of pottery—a charm that can be obtained in no other manner; but to take a jug and paint a picture upon it that might just as well, and better, have been painted on a little canvas, is certainly misapplying art, for while pretending to be pottery, it is only paint, and lacks what makes the ware precious."

"Well," said Ophelia, with a half-suppressed sigh, "what do you think of dados, friezes, and rugs?"

"I think they are desirable where a reason for them exists, and where there are means to warrant the undertaking; but as to making them a fashion and applying them right and left, as though they were an end unto themselves, it seems to me a great mistake. They are usually features that imply a considerable amount of richness of decoration and equipment, but how often they are used where they are only a caricature of expensive furnishings! It would be in far better taste for persons of moderate means to furnish simply, having everything good of its kind and wholly unpretentious, than to be decked out in an imitation of costly finery."

"But really," said Ophelia, "don't you think our curtains, with their cross bands (and they were so cheap)—really, don't you think they look quite stylish?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, "you have characterized it all in one sentence—'cheap style.' Cheap stylishness is a bad atmosphere for good people; frank, straightforward simplicity would be a far more healthful one; and the idea that there is any art in it! It is entirely contrary to the spirit of Art, which is built upon the 'True, the Good, the Beautiful—'"

"Bow-wow-wow, ki-yi, ki-yi!" What could it be—a dog loose?

Soon the laughing face of Tom Bowler appeared, as he exclaimed: "I've come to make a little call, if you won't stick me down in one of your Art chairs, or entomb my dog in an Art drain-tile."

I felt provoked, but got Tom a seat. I did not, however, introduce the subject of Household Art, but talked rapidly about other matters; twice he alluded to the paint, but I instantly changed the subject. Near the close

of the evening he surprised me by hinting that ere long he should take our visitor from us "to co-operate with me in matters of Household Art," said he quizzically.

We missed Grace very much after her departure, but we did not forget the views she had expressed as we were sitting around the evening lamp. The more we reflected the less our Art treasures increased; indeed, they began to disappear one by one.

I was going to throw away the painted Seltzer jugs, but Ophelia, with her saving disposition, offered them as prizes to the mission Sunday-school class, and now they gladden their homes.

The ash-man has transferred (by request) the painted drain-tiles to his quarters. My walls have been neatly papered with a small check paper in neutral tones, and no longer make pretence of dado and frieze. Tasteful muslin curtains have displaced the cotton cross bands (which Tom Bowler once declared looked like the devil's dressing-gown).

I have now and then picked up an interesting dish or vase which was quaint and pretty, though not costly, and have found a few photographs of interesting scenes and objects, with which I adorn our walls.

Really we enjoy our home more; it seems more genuine and sensible—in better taste and spirit.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

(Concluded.)

There was a deep longing in the hearts of both of them for a quieter home life than could be obtained in Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. They wanted retirement. The glare of royalty was too much for them. They had—as it may have seemed to multitudes—all that heart could wish. Splendors, varied and innumerable, irradiated their pathway; and all that wealth could purchase was at their command. They were the "observed of all observers," if notoriety were coveted, and a proud nation gratefully accepted their sway. But these things do not constitute the real joys of life. This young man and woman yearned for a home—a home of their own: one which would be snugly theirs; not a royal palace which they had inherited, whose doors must ever stand open to the frequenters of courts; but a peaceful home in which their hearts might know that which, thank God, is open to, as it is needed by, all—the quiet joy of a common home. The estate of Osborne was first brought under their notice by Sir Robert Peel. It was not too far away from the Capital to be inconvenient; and yet it promised the invaluable blessing of privacy. Its situation commanded a splendid sea-view, with Spithead and Portsmouth in the background, and was bounded by a fine stretch of seashore. The Queen wrote to her uncle Leopold on the 25th of March, 1845:—"It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired, and free from all 'Woods and Forests,' and other charming Departments, which really are the plague of one's life." "It is impossible," she added a few days later, writing from Osborne, "to see a prettier place, with woods and valleys, and *points de vue*, which would be beautiful anywhere; but when these are combined with the sea (to which the woods grow down), and a beach which is quite private, it is really everything one could wish."

The Prince devoted his ability, which was considerable, to beautifying and improving the estate. The grounds were laid out so as to combine features of remarkable beauty; and farming operations were carried forward in a manner which absorbed much of his attention. And there—in their own home—with far less of the splendor of their rank and state, they spent many happy days together. Some of the walks became very dear with tender associations; and life wore its gladdest smile. The Prince was forester, builder, and gardener, when he was away in that island home, relieved of many occupations incident to their life in London and Windsor, and released from many of its restraints.

In May, 1846, the Queen and Prince settled down in their new home. The following little note by the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, who was at the time governess to the children, was written on the day after. It gives a very vivid idea of the character of the Prince, and shows us what his habits were on occasions of unusual interest. Lady Lyttelton says, "Our first night in this house is well passed. Nobody smelt paint, or caught cold, and the worst is over. It was a most amusing event coming here to dinner. Everything in the house is quite new, and the drawing-room looked very handsome; the windows lighted by the brilliant lamps in the room must have been seen far out at sea. I was pleased by one little thing. After dinner we were to drink the Queen's and Prince's health as a house-warming: and after it the Prince said quite naturally and simply, but seriously: 'We have a hymn (he called it a psalm) in Germany for such occasions: it begins,—and then he repeated two lines in German which I could not quite catch, meaning a prayer to bless our going out and our coming in. It was dry and quaint, being Luther's. We all perceived that he was feeling it: and truly, entering a new house—a new palace—is a solemn thing to do to those whose probable space of life in it is long, and spite of rank, and health, and youth, down-hill now." It would seem that the hymn which the Prince quoted was an amplification of the last verse of the 121st Psalm, which appears in the Coburg "Gesang-buch." One of the verses runs thus—

> "God bless our going out, nor less
> Our coming in; and make them sure;
> God bless our daily bread, and bless
> Whate'er we do, whate'er endure.
> In death, unto His peace awake us,
> *And heirs of his salvation make us.*'

The peeps which we get into the life at Balmoral still further make known to us the character of the Prince's home life. The Queen's physician, Sir James Clark, had had his attention called to the place by his son, and he brought it to the notice of the Queen and the Prince. We all know how much Her Majesty has prized the opportunity of escaping year after year from her southern palaces to that far-away house in the Highlands. Her Majesty's first impressions of the place, shared evidently by the Prince, are described in "*Leaves from Her Majesty's Journal*;" but in writing to the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg at the time, the Prince said, "We have withdrawn for a time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face; where the snow already covers the mountain tops, and the wild deer come creeping stealthily round the house." "It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils." Thus are we reminded *that the same lot, varied as to its outward aspects*, but still the same in deep reality, falls to the prince as to the peasant; to the most highly exalted, as to the humblest children of men. Oftentimes a feeling takes possession of the minds of some which induces, may be, a little envy of those who are in high places; but whatever divergence there may be in outward lot, God "fashioneth our hearts alike."

A new house was erected, new cottages were supplied for the people, and various improvements were effected which tended to *promote the comfort of the household*. And thither, time after time, as the season came round, the Queen and the Prince repaired with their family for the rest which they were sure to gain, in such a peaceful retreat. And thither Her Majesty still goes, bearing in her heart the memory of days which will never return, and solaced, we may hope, by the thought of a love which in life and death was her possession.

The care of the Prince for his children was shown in unremitting efforts to promote their welfare. It is manifest in every page of this book that a simple affection reigned throughout the home, and the education of the children was undertaken in no mere compliance with conventional customs. It was desired to give to them all the advantages which a regard to the culture of both mind and heart could procure. "Good education," said Baron Stockmar to the Prince, "cannot begin too soon. It begins the first day of a child's life. In a child the affections and feelings develop themselves at an earlier period than the reasoning or intellectual faculties. The beginning of education must therefore be directed *to the child's natural instincts*, to give them the right direction; and above all, keep the mind pure. This is only to be effected by placing about children only those who are good and pure; who will teach, not only by precept, but by living example; for children are close observers, and prone to imitate whatever they see and hear, whether good or evil." The great aim of the Queen and Prince was to surround them with those good influences and that their education should be from its earliest beginning truly moral and truly English. In April, 1842, Lady Lyttelton, who had been lady-in-waiting since 1838, was appointed to the post of governess to the royal children. For eight years she pursued her work with unfailing devotion to the fullest satisfaction of the Queen and the Prince. Her ladyship expresses her admiration for "the candor, truth, and manliness of the Prince; his wisdom, his ready helpfulness, his consideration for others, and his constant kindness." The relations which existed between this estimable woman and the royal home were of the most gratifying character. Of her last day in the palace she writes thus:—"In the evening I was sent for to my last audience in the Queen's own room, and I quite broke down, and could hardly speak or hear. I remember the Prince's face, pale as ashes, and a few words of praise and thanks from them both; but it is all misty: and I had to stop on the private staircase, and have my cry out before I could go up again."

We cannot forbear quoting some interesting words which are contained in a memorandum in which the Queen herself expresses, in writing, her own views of education. She seems to have been accustomed to set down her thoughts, upon this and other subjects, with much carefulness at times. On the 4th of March, 1844, when, it must be remembered, the Queen was only in her twenty-fifth year, she thus writes:—"The greatest maxim of all is—that children should be brought up as simply, and in as domestic a way as possible; that (*not interfering* with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things." Wise words which need to be written in the hearts of every father and mother in the land. With respect to the religious training of her children, the Queen says in a memorandum of the 13th of November of that year:—"It is already a hard case for me that my occupations prevent my being with her (the Princess Royal) when she says her prayers." We pause with thankful admiration when we come across the following words, contained in the same memorandum, in which Her Majesty laid down a clear principle for the guidance of the instructors of the Princess Royal. It was this—"I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion; but that she should have a feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that the thoughts of death and an after life should not be presented in an alarming and forbidding view; and that she should be made to know as yet no difference of creeds, and not think that she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

Of very great interest is an account which we receive of the Swiss Cottage, at Osborne, which was given over to the children on the Queen's birthday in 1854, having been erected partly for their pastime, and partly for their instruction in little household duties; with a museum of natural history attached to it, and around it little garden plots allotted to each, where they were expected to make themselves practically acquainted with the simpler elements of garden culture. And thus the children of our Queen were made familiar in their early days with those habits of life which, far more than anything, tend to promote simplicity of character. Would that in many homes, where wealth and ease seem to give immunity from homelier duties, such thoroughness and simplicity marked the parental rule.

The picture cannot further be filled in. The world knows well that on the 14th of December, 1861, a shadow fell on our Royal home which can never be altogether withdrawn.

ONE DROP OF INK.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"Oh! mother, who would have thought one drop of ink would blacken a glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impression on him."

THE BLACK JEWS IN INDIA.—The majority are natives of the Malabar coast, where, especially in the city of Kotschim, they reside in considerable numbers. It is said they are the descendants of the Jews who were sent to India by King Solomon to capture elephants for his use and to work in the gold mines; and that their skins, in the course of three thousand years, have entirely changed color, so as to make it almost impossible to distinguish them from the rest of the natives. They know little Hebrew, that language having almost died out among them. Their mother tongue is the so-called Hindi, which is used in their scriptures and prayer-books. They also possess a Bible, which is not printed, but written. Of the holidays they only keep the Sabbath and the Passover, the Day of Atonement, being entirely unknown to them. In the preparation of their food they differ from other Jews, as, during their three thousand years' separation from the rest of their co-religionists, nearly all their original customs and manners have died out. They live separately to this day, from the white Jews, as the latter do not regard them as natural descendants of the Jewish race. As answer to this the colored Jews boast of their letters of freedom given by an ancient king of India, and another one of King Tschandrackupta, who lived in the time of Alexander the Great. They do not call themselves "Jews," but "Sons of Israel;" and they maintain that they are in possession of a number of autograph prayer-books written by the Patriarchs. They live in great poverty and are very ignorant, earning their living by working in the field and by day labor.—*Jewish World.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. *It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.*

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

169. What was the name of Elisha's father?
170. What leader of Israel demanded of a conquered tribe their golden ear-rings as a trophy of his victory?
171. Who built an altar to the Lord at Mount Ebal?
172. What king shut up the temple of God?
173. Who did the Lord help in battle with hailstones, which slew more than the sword?
174. What was Joshua's inheritance in Canaan?
175. Who built the first city, according to the Scriptures?
176. Who was punished with death for touching the ark of God?
177. What are the names of the five kings who made war against Gideon and were hanged?
178. To whose house was the ark taken when it was brought from Kirjath-jearim to Jerusalem?
179. Whose house was taken by the authorities for a prison, and what prophet was secured in it?
180. What governor of Judah refused a salary from his people and treated them with princely hospitality?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Mother of Absalom.
2. Was an article of merchandise.
3. A Jew of Ephesus.
4. A prince of Midian.
5. A son of Abinadab.
6. A precious stone.
7. A son of Ahasuerus.
8. An officer of Israel's army.
9. A district of Syria.
10. A son of Nahash.
11. A daughter of Saul.
12. A son of Elkanah.
13. A river of Eden.
14. A prophet of Judea.
15. A son of Phineas.
16. A well-known reptile.
17. The time to seek the Lord.
18. A famous mountain.
19. The father of Lot.
20. A priest.
21. An animal.
22. A prophet.
23. A plant.
24. A fellow-laborer of Paul.

My initials spell an ascription of praise found in the New Testament.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 19.

145. Gad, 2 Sam. xxiv. 11-19. Nathan, 2 Sam. xii.
146. Ahaz, 2 Chron. xxviii 32.
147. He that ruleth his spirit, Prov. xvi. 32.
148. David, 2 Sam. xxiv. 14.
149. Miriam, Ex. xv. 20; Deborah, Judges iv. 4; Huldah, 2 Kings xxii. 14; Noadiah, Neh. vi. 14; Anna, Luke ii. 36; Isaiah, viii. 3; Philip's daughters, Acts xxi. 9.
150. Josiah, 2 Kings xxiii.
151. David and Jonathan, 1 Sam. xviii. 1.
152. He was the first to smite the Jebusites, 1 Chron. xi. 6.
153. Moses, Num. xi. 15; Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 4. Jonah, Jonah iv. 3.
154. From Heaven, Lev. ix. 24.
155. Ahab, 1 Kings xxi. 25.
156. Abijah, 1 Kings xiv. 13.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 19.—Harry E. Gowen, 9, Mary Tufts, 7; Jas. R. Stirling, 10.

To No. 18.—Neil McEachern, 9; A. A. B., 12; Margaret Patton, 12; Annie Patton, 12; George Cann, 11; May Archibald, 11; Maggie Graham, 7; Agnes Charlotte Ascah, 11; Emily Ascah, 11; Annie Donaldson, 10; Venetia Martha Ascah, 7; Francis Hooker, 10; Sarah J. Bowing, 10; Constance Logie, 3; Jane M. Patterson, 11; Clara E. Ascah, 10; Mary Baldwin, 12; Hiram McKim, 11; James Morton, 12; Emeline Stevens, 11; Jas. R. Stirling, 12; Ellie Dale, 9; Jane Sutherland, 8; Thos. Wiley, 11; S. C. Warner, 6; Addie E. Wensley, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the "Little Pilgrim Question Book," by Mrs. W. Barrows, Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.)

LESSON VI.—Nov. 10.

WHOM THE LORD RECEIVES.—Luke xviii. 9-17.

9. And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

10. Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

11. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself. God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

12. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess.

13. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

14. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

15. And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

16. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

19. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.

GOLDEN TEXT.— "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." —Ver. 17.

1. Unto whom did our Lord speak the words of this parable? Ver. 9.

2. Why?

ANS. To teach them a lesson which they needed.

3. Why should we not trust in ourselves?

ANS. Because we have no strength or goodness of our own.

4. In whom should we trust?

5. If people are really good, will they despise those who are bad?

ANS. No: they will pity and love them, and try to help them.

6. How does the story of the Pharisee and the publican commence? Vers. 10-12.

7. Were these things true that the Pharisee said about himself?

ANS. Yes, very likely.

8. What is it to "fast"?

ANS. To go without food for a certain time.

9. What is it to "give tithes"?

ANS. A tithe is a tenth. The Pharisee gave away in charity a tenth of his gains.

10. Was it not good to him to do this?

ANS. Certainly it was.

11. Was it wrong of him to thank God that he was not as wicked as others?

ANS. No, if he had done it humbly.

12. What was there wrong in his prayer?

ANS. It was a boastful prayer, telling of the good things he had done.

13. What did he forget?

ANS. That, while his outward acts had been right, his heart was proud and wicked.

14. What was the publican's prayer? Ver. 13.

15. What made this prayer acceptable to God?

ANS. Its humility, sorrow for sin, and confession of sin.

16. What does Jesus say of these two men? Ver. 14.

17. What do you think of a person who exalts himself, or tells how good he is and what great things he can do?

18. What kind of a person do you like better?

19. Who were brought to Jesus at this time? Vers. 15, 16.

20. What does this show us?

ANS. The kind and loving heart of the Saviour.

21. Were the disciples unkind in trying to keep them away.

ANS. Perhaps not: they may have thought it would weary the Saviour, and take time which would be better used in some other way.

22. What does Jesus say in the Golden Text?

23. What is the meaning of it?

ANS. Whosoever shall not receive Christ's teachings in a humble, childlike spirit, will not become a Christian.

24. What do you learn from this lesson?

ANS. That God looks on the heart more than on the outward acts.

My humble, earnest prayer this week,

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD!"

LESSON V.—Nov. 17.

ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN.—Luke xix. 1-10.

1. And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho.

2. And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was the chief among the publicans, and he was rich.

3. And he sought to see Jesus, who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature.

4. And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him: for he was to pass that way.

5. And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up, and saw him, and said unto him, Zacchæus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house.

6. And he made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully.

7. And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.

8. And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord: Behold Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.

9. And Jesus said to him, This day is salvation come to this house, for so much as he also is a son of Abraham.

10. For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Ver. 10.

1. What city did Jesus enter? Ver. 1.

2. Who lived in the city of Jericho? Ver. 2.

3. Who were the publicans?

ANS. The officers who collected the taxes; and Zaccheus was the chief or head man among them.

4. Whom did Zacchæus wish to see? Ver. 3.

5. Why do you suppose he wished to see Jesus?

6. What showed that he was in earnest in this wish? Ver. 4.

7. If you had been there in the crowd, what would you have done?

8. Did Jesus see Zacchæus in the sycamore-tree? Ver. 5.

9. Why did he wish to go to the house of Zacchæus?

ANS. Probably because he saw that he could do him good.

10. Was Zacchæus glad to have him come? Ver. 6.

11. How did the Jews find fault with the Saviour for going with Zacchæus? Ver. 7.

12. Was Zacchæus probably any greater sinner than these Jews?

13. If he had been one of the very worst of men, would that have caused Jesus to stay away from him?

14. Why not? Golden Text.

15. What is meant by "lost" in the Golden Text?

ANS. All who do wrong are called "lost," because they are far away from God.

16. Who are the saved?

ANS. Those who are sorry for their wrong-doing, and are forgiven for Christ's sake and so brought near to God.

17. What did Zacchæus say unto the Lord? Ver. 8.

18. What did this show?

ANS. That he wanted to do right.

19. What did Jesus answer? Ver. 9.

20. How had salvation come to Zacchæus?

ANS. He had repented of his sins, and was beginning to love Christ, and to live a better life.

21. If a person really loves Christ, how will he show it?

ANS. By doing something for him.

22. Did Zacchæus do anything for Christ?

ANS. Yes: in doing for the poor he was doing for Christ also.

23. What has Christ said which makes us sure of this?

ANS. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. xxv. 40).

24. If we wish very much to know more of Jesus, will he come to our homes?

ANS. Yes: by his Spirit.

25. If he becomes our friend, what will he do for us?

26. What will he expect us to do for him?

Our earnest wish this week—

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1879.

We have to note no progress during the past year, as will appear from the following figures:—

	1878.	1877.
DAILY WITNESS	14,951	15,185
WEEKLY WITNESS	26,300	23,620
NORTHERN MESSENGER	46,000	50,800
L'AURORE	850	900
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY	3,200	4,000

Better times are, however, dawning for the country, and we look for growth in proportion. We ask for the help of all lovers of wholesome literature in bringing about such growth. The WEEKLY WITNESS has now been at work for thirty-two years, through good report and through evil report. The DAILY WITNESS has been in operation eighteen years; the NORTHERN MESSENGER thirteen years; the AURORE thirteen years, although only one under the present publishers, and the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY twelve years. The advertising business has not grown with rapid strides as in former years, and the year has been one of necessary economy and quiet. The year has been uneventful. The principal matter of note in connection with the history of our publications has been the receipt from the Committee of the WITNESS TESTIMONIAL FUND of a considerable sum of money towards the purchase of our great eight-cylinder press, which is being duly inscribed in memory of so important and interesting an event. The most important announcement we have to make for the coming season is to be found below.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

WITNESS LECTURES ON AGRICULTURE.

The publishers of the WITNESS have of late been strongly impressed with the idea that Canada has reached that stage in her agricultural development when a country is ripe for very considerable improvements in her farming customs. Our best farmers have come to realize that the culture which has served in the past will not serve in the future. Agricultural science—the application of mind to matter—is what is needed. Agricultural colleges are abundant in many parts of Europe, and in countries of which we know almost nothing a large proportion of the farmers have had thorough scientific training, and expensive works and journals are found in nearly every farm-house. The next generation of Canadian farmers must be of this class. Those who cannot attain to education will fall behind in the race. The great majority may easily be educated farmers if they choose. There is already one agricultural college in each province. If they were properly appreciated there would be one in each county.

The publishers of the WITNESS have during the past few weeks been made the recipients of a munificent donation from the people of Canada and have conceived the plan of making some return to the country by the establishment of a winter course of

"WITNESS" FREE LECTURES ON AGRICULTURE,

with the object of enlisting the zeal of intelligent farmers in the diffusion of agricultural knowledge among their fellow-agriculturists. To that end they are fortunate in having secured the services of the most popular and best known agricultural writer and speaker in Canada,

MR. W. F. CLARKE, OF LINDENBANK, GUELPH, formerly editor of the *Canada Farmer* and of the *Ontario Farmer*, who will lecture beginning about October first, in such parts of the country as may offer him the best openings. We should be glad if it were possible to cover the whole country with such a course, but as concentration is necessary to efficiency, he will probably work out from two or three centres in Quebec and Ontario, trying to leave behind him wherever he goes some permanent result in the shape of organization for mutual improvement among the farmers in the various localities he may visit. All who would like to have such lectures delivered in their neighborhoods are requested to write at once to the undersigned, when the possibility of fulfilling the request will be immediately considered. It is desirable to arrange the engagements for the whole season at once, so that the tour can be systematically entered on.

We would not have it thought that this plan is intended to be a diversion of the generous gift of the subscribers to the Testimonial Fund from its original intent of establishing the WITNESS enterprise, as we are in the hope that Mr. Clarke's tour will not in the long run prove a loss to the WITNESS, but that on the contrary it will do much to establish the paper as the farmer's paper throughout the Dominion.

We shall expect our friends who invite the visit of the WITNESS lecturer to make the necessary local arrangements in the way of hall or other public building, fire and lights, which we are quite sure they will do very cheerfully.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A NEW OFFER.—All Sunday-schools which do not now take the MESSENGER can have it free to the end of the year by sending to the publishers the address to which the parcel must be sent, with the number required to supply one member of each family represented at the school.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Do you want a good paper for your Sunday-school free till the end of the year? If so, and your school does not take the MESSENGER, send to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, the number of copies your school will require to supply one member of each family, and the papers will be sent you without any charge.

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For $9, $10 or $15 we will send a pair of Eureka or Canadian Club Skates, although you cannot very well use them at the present time unless you live in the vicinity of the North Pole; yet you had better secure them as early as possible, as perhaps by next winter we shall not be in a position to continue this offer.

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